



A SHOOT SHALL
SPROUT FROM
THE STUMP OF
JESSE & FROM HIS
ROOTS A BUD
SHALL BLOSSOM.
HE SHALL JUDGE
THE POOR WITH
JUSTICE & DECIDE
ARIGHT FOR THE
LAND'S AFFLICTED.
~ ~ ~

VIA PACIS.

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER SIX
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In the late afternoon of the 29th of November, Dorothy Day died (or, in the beautiful phrase used by Eastern Christians, "fell asleep in the Lord"). While her death was in one sense sudden, it was not unexpected; Dorothy had been in ill health for some time and had spent the last years of her life living quietly at Maryhouse in New York City, preparing to meet the One whom she so loved, loved not in an abstract way but concretely in the little ones whom she served every day. She taught us to love these little ones in that nitty-gritty way of hers which gave such life to the Gospels we are all called to live.

At Dorothy's funeral on the morning of December 2 there were of course many of the great and famous of the world, including Terence Cardinal Cooke and Paul Moore, the Roman Catholic and Episcopal bishops of New York; Cesar Chavez; Henri Nouwen. Appropriately enough, none of the dignitaries of Holy Mother State which Dorothy so scorned was present. But the vast majority of people (and the crowd approached 1000) were not famous or powerful. They were simply folks come to return the love Dorothy had shown them so much of. The funeral was scheduled to coincide with the end of the daily soup line; as her daughter Tamar Hennessy put it, "Everyone who comes to the soup line or who helps there has a right to go to the funeral." And they came and made the motliest showing that any funeral of a famous person ever did. But then we Catholic Workers are a motley lot.

Dorothy was laid out in the chapel at Maryhouse, in a rough pine coffin (purchased from an Orthodox Jewish undertaker because in our consumer world no one else sells them--but then Dorothy so loved the stories of the Chassidim and the works of Buber and the novels of Chaim Potok that there is a fitness to it all). Six of her grandchildren bore the coffin behind the cross to the parish church, down Third Street and down Second Avenue, followed by her daughter, by Forster Batterham (her common-law husband), by the Maryhouse and St. Joseph's House communities (the latter carrying a large banner with the paper's logo and the words "Catholic Worker" on it), and members of other Catholic Worker communities. As the procession came around the corner to the front of the church, the bells, which had been tolling slowly, began a joyful peal which kept up while Cardinal Cooke blessed the body. He departed and the procession entered the church singing alleluia.

The mass was plain and quiet, but with an overriding sense of triumph. The Gospel was the Beatitudes. Geoffrey Gneuchs, OP, who is a member of the Catholic Worker community in New York, was the principal celebrant and homilist. He spared no one, as Dorothy spared no one, least of

all herself, in calling for nothing less than total commitment to the poor and total resistance to the evil powers of war and privilege. There will no doubt be an attempt to "sanitize" Dorothy, to make her into merely a plaster-statue saint, but those who lived with her know the strength, even harshness, which she could display.

Dorothy is buried on Staten Island on a green hillside overlooking Raritan Bay, whose shore she preferred to any place in the world. It was there that she lived when Tamar was born and baptized and she herself became a Catholic; there she



Dorothy Day 1897-1980



"We have all known the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love and that love comes with community."

strolled, collecting shells; there she wrote; there she rested from the pressures of Catholic Worker life in the city. Not far from there was Peter Maurin Farm in the late fifties and sixties. And to that shore she returned at last. And now no doubt she is enjoying the presence of God, that eternal rejoicing she described so well, but never separated from the great communal undertaking of living the Gospel. "Heaven is a banquet," she wrote, "and life is a banquet, too, even with a crust, where there is companionship."



Dorothy was first and foremost a writer, a newspaperwoman. The best memorial, therefore, is to let her speak for herself in this brief collection of bits from her writings.



There is so much fear and distraction these days over the state of the world--there is sadness in the Pope's Christmas message, in articles, in letters, in all endeavors. And yet surely, "all times," as St. Teresa said, "are dangerous times."

We may be living on the verge of eternity--but that should not make us dismal. The early Christians rejoiced to think that the end of the world was near, as they thought. Over and over again, even to the Seventh Day Adventists of our time, people have been expecting the end of the world. Are we so unready to face God? Are we so avid for joys here, that we perceive so darkly those to come?

So many sins against the poor cry out to high heaven! One of the most deadly sins is to deprive the laborer of his hire. There is another: to instill in him paltry desires so compulsive that he is willing to sell his liberty and his honor to satisfy them. We are all guilty of concupiscence, but newspapers, radio, television, and battalions of advertising men (woe to that generation) deliberately stimulate our desires, the satisfaction of which so often means the deterioration of the family. Whatever we can do to combat these widespread social evils by combating their causes we must do. But above all the responsibility is a personal one. The message we have been given comes from the Cross.

To go on picket lines to protest discrimination in housing, or to protest the draft, is one of the works of mercy, which include "rebuking the sinner, enlightening the ignorant, counselling the doubtful." But I confess I always do these things with fear and trembling. I loathe the use of force, and I remember how Peter used to react to violence. On one occasion when two men fought in the office over on Charles Street he threatened to leave the work forever if it ever happened again.

All our talks about peace and the weapons of the spirit are meaningless unless we try in every way to embrace voluntary poverty and not work in any position, any job, that contributes to war, not to take any job whose pay comes from the fear of war, of the atom bomb. We must give up our place in this world, sacrifice children, family, wife, mother, and embrace poverty, and then we will be laying down life itself.

Discussions

1317 8th - HELP!

Cult and culture are the first two points in Peter Maurin's program for the Catholic Worker movement. Therefore, Mass is celebrated every Friday night (unless otherwise noted) at the Worker House, 713 Indiana (one block north of University), at 8:00 PM. Following the liturgy, discussions take place (in Peter's phrase, "clarification of thought"). All are welcome. Upcoming discussions are as follows:

- Dec. 19--Joe Taschetta singing his and others' political songs.
- Dec. 26--SAC action; no mass or discussion.
- Jan. 2 --Bishop Dingman will celebrate Mass.
- Jan. 9 --General discussion by staff (and friends) of Catholic Worker Positions.
- Jan. 16--Catholic Worker Positions discussion continued.
- Jan. 23--Slide show on the land pastoral "Strangers and Guests" with Msgr. Paul Connelly.



Robert McGovern

This is the third issue of Via Pacis and the sixth month that we have been appealing to our friends to help us in the rehabing of our new house. I always feel like we come to you with our hands out saying give, give, give! I forget that it took us close to a year before we were able to use the Ligutti House for hospitality. Though 1317-8th St. makes the Ligutti House look like a cake walk we continue to plug away. Our loyal workers, Fr. Bert, Norman, Jeff, Jerry, Steve and Wayne keep at it, a little at a time everyday. We will hopefully have storm windows on by the time you receive this issue of V.P. We raised the \$2,000.00 by getting folks to buy individual windows--Thank You ALL! We are doing some major work on the back porch as well as trying to do foundation repairs before the cold sets in. The house is far from being ready and we are still in need: We need ELECTRICIANS, We need PLUMBERS, We need CARPENTERS, We need MATERIALS of all kinds and We need \$\$\$\$\$. Please continue to remember us this Christmas Season. Our resources are being stretched much further than at any other time in our history. We are running two houses of hospitality while trying to rehab a third house. Already 1317-8th uses twice as much gas to heat the place as any one of our other two houses. Someday in the not too distant future 1317-8th St. will be it stately self again, serving the needs of hundreds of homeless people with a children's park in the vacant lot next door. It will add to the general well-being of an otherwise sagging neighborhood. This is our vision and our hope, God willing and with your help, our future!

Boycott

There's another boycott happening which a lot of people may not be aware of. (I wasn't until I read about it in the September Voice of the Prophet.) It's a boycott of the All-American Coca-Cola Company.

I always thought that the Coke company was a peaceful and loving company spreading some sort of goodwill message to the world. I guess I was wrong. According to the Voice of the Prophet, labor leaders in Guatemala have been consistently rebuffed in their organizing efforts and in their pleas for a minimum wage of seven dollars a day. Researchers agree that an urban family of four needs almost nine dollars a day to survive in Guatemala. Currently most workers in Guatemala get about two dollars a day.

There's more. It seems that government and industry have been working hand in hand to wipe out the union. For example, on June 20 twenty-three-year-old Edgar Aldana, secretary of a

union of Coca-Cola workers, was pulled from the plant where he was working and machine-gunned to death.

A few days later, twenty-eight labor leaders from throughout the country gathered to discuss Aldana's murder. None of the leaders has been seen since.

Right now I'm asking myself, why? Why kill people who are trying to survive and are asking for so little when you're still making a profit? That's why I'm not drinking Coke.

For more information write:
Interfaith Center for
Corporate Responsibility
475 Riverside Drive
New York NY 10027

Taskforce on the Churches'
Corporate Responsibility
600 Jarvis Street
Toronto, Ont., Canada M4Y 2J6

Boycott Coke!

Thank you,
Norman Searah

via pacis

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We wish to thank the Pfeffer family for remembering the Catholic Worker in the memorials for their father, Edward, who died November 7.



EDWARD PFEFFER

Msgr. Ed and Fr. Tom have long been supporters of our work here. We have received \$600 in memorial donations towards the rehabing of our new house.



ST. JOSEPH

A lot has happened since I started to write this issue's "What's Happening." Dorothy Day has died and Richard Cleaver has come back from N.Y.C. after attending the funeral. I guess I always knew that Dorothy would not be with us long. I knew when I met her at the N.Y. C.W. in the summer of '75 over a scrumptious meal of sauerkraut and liver. Two of my least liked foods. (You can bet I ate every bit.) It's funny, people tend to remember the strangest things when they feel themselves in the presence of someone very important. I guess that is what was going on inside of me when I met Dorothy. It was almost like I had to meet the women just to say I did. After the short visit in '75 I had no desire to see her again even though I have been back to visit N.Y. several times. I did not trust myself not to set her on some beatific pedestal. The Dorothy Day I know and love is the one I read of in her books "Long Loneliness", and "Loaves & Fishes". The person who has written so many articles and inspired so many of my favorite people, i.e., The Berrigans, Chavez, Merton and the like. She became enfleshed for me these last four years here in D.M. in the many hundreds of faces that come to our doors for shelter and food. She has also made herself known in the constant struggle of community building. She has shown herself in the efforts of Peace witnessing that our community has been about. No I did not need to see Dorothy Day again after my first visit. She is too much part of my life already. I know her when we are doing those works of mercy which she so often wrote about. I know her in the many self denials that a person must go through if they are to take upon themselves the C.W. Lifestyle. And I know her at the point of confrontation with those 'Powers that Be' who rule our lives through the Arms Race. I know her at all these moments and that is enough. I know Dorothy Day best when I have been closest to God. I did not need to see her again. I don't need to see the face of God to know that he is with me either. Now that Dorothy is dead some wonder if the C.W. movement will continue. They wonder if the movement depended on one person too much. I for one believe that our movement is still dependent on the person of Dorothy Day and now more than ever. It is a comfort to me to think that she is now in a better position to help us C.W.s out here in the back waters of the continent.



what's happening

by Frank Cordaro

Visitors:

We have been blessed with many visitors. I can only take the space to mention but a few. Dave McRenolds, the Pres. Candidate for the Socialist Party, Peggy France from K.C. Mo., in town for an A.F.S.C. meeting, Fr. Bernard Survil and two H.S. students from his parish in Managua Nicaragua to talk to classes at D.H.S., Sr. Maureen Fielder from the Quixote Cen. in Wash. D.C. was in town to back the Ia. ERA, (though the amendment lost, Sr. Fielder was instrumental in getting Bishop Dingman to publicly endorse the Ia. ERA; nice job Sr. thankyou Bishop!). John Wilson spent a couple nights with us while going to a Social Workers Conference. John is an old friend from Aquinas Institute. John Judge from CCCO stayed with us while he gave the Draft Workshop in D.M. Ted Warnbrandt stopped by on his way to the State C/L EC meeting. C/L EC flew Ted in to sing at the State Convention. Tom Gervais spent a few days with us during his winter break from his communities self sufficient farming effort in Wisc. Fellow C.W. types that stopped by to spend a day or so were Dave and Kathleen from the Alderson C.W. on their way west, Gary Donatelli from the NYC C.W. touring the midwest. For the record, Gary came to D.M.



first and only went to Davenport after we gave him directions. Speaking of the beloved sister house, a whole pack of folks from the Quad Cities' area came to visit one weekend under the pretense of having to be at a wedding. The good souls that graced our door that weekend were Sally Schlepman, Jo Nass, Jim & Mary 'with child' Runion, Steve Quilty and last but not least, George Dean. Come again good people! From the K.C. Ka. C.W. to spend a few days were Dana & Sheila & Aaron Rodenbaugh and Sr. Henrietta Kocher on their way to visit other C.W.s in the area. And we have had several visits from the folks at 'Loaves & Fishes' Hospitality House in Ames since they opened this Fall. I know there are folks that I have missed, please excuse. For all those mentioned and those not mentioned thank you for coming-come again!

Trips:

A number of us took off for different places during the past two months. We sent 2 car loads to Columbia Mo. for a prayerful witness at their local Nuclear Missile Silo. The gathering was sponsored by the local F.O.R. group. We also took our C.W. Slideshow to Anita Ia. and Iowa Falls Ia. along with showing it to the C.C.D. classes from Ankeny Ia. and the 8th Grade at S.H. Sc. I took a 4 day trip to Cedar Falls Ia. to spend time with my old friend Fr. Jack Kissling and checking in on Rusty Martin. Rusty is doing well living at the Catholic St. Cen. while going to school and actively working on Peace Issues on campus. While at UNI I got to talk to 8 different groups about the C.W. movement and our efforts in Disarmament. Fr. Jack also allowed me to give the homily at the 4 Sunday Masses. It was Christ the King Sunday. The perfect day for a Christian anarchist to preach. Norman took a week off around Thanksgiving to go to Appalachia with a group of folks from Ia. St. U. to help out poor folks there.



Registration & Draft:

The Task Force Against Conscriptio held a state-wide anti-draft rally Oct. 18th which drew over 100 people. It was in connection with the National Anti-draft Week sponsored by the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO). Our Steve And-sager was one of the folks who got to sing and say a few words. Recently the Ia. Peace Network sponsored John Judge from CCCO to give draft workshops all around the State. While in D.M. John, a man with a wealth of information and history of the draft, stayed at our house.

Jan 5th Action:

The Ia. Resisters are planning another public demonstration for those wishing to announce their intention not to register Jan. 5th, the first day 18 yr. olds are to start registering. The action will take place in D.M. at the main Post Office. The group is hoping to have over 10 people to announce their refusal to register. Each participant is to have a personal statement of intent with at least 10 community people signing their names to the statement as a sign of support. They will then put all the resister's statements, with endorsements, in an envelope and send them to the Selective Service Off. in Wash. D.C. Anyone wishing to find out more about the action should contact any one of the resisters who are staying with us at the C.W.

[continued on next page]

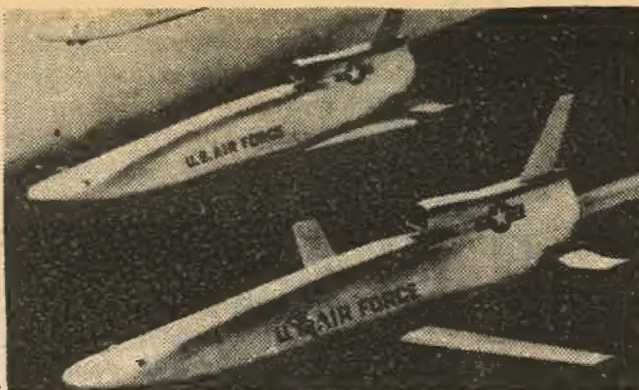
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Pax Christi:

Richard, John, Brent and myself made the trip to Milwaukee for the National Pax Christi conference. We spent the first night at Tim Brennan's. Tim is doing well in his new home. He is just as big and gentle as ever. At the conference we touched base with many old friends; Fr. John Zeitler; who is expected to return to D.M. this summer after three years in Appalachia; Tom Siemer, who visited us last year about the time of the Pope's visit. Tom is the man who quit his \$75,000-a-year job at Rockwell to work for Peace and Disarmament. We also saw Tom Cornell, who is now working with the Catholic Peace Fellowship in the area of Draft Counseling; and Fr. Dick McSorley S.J., who helps run the C.W. in Wash. D.C. Richard and I spent the second night with the folks at Casa Maria C.W. Their house has been operating over 10 years now. At our regional meeting with representatives from Ia., Neb., Mo., and Ka. we decided that much of our local efforts will surround our local manifestations of the Pentagon i.e., S.A.C., Rock Island Arsenal, Missile Silos in Mo. & Ka. and the different Military Contractors in the region, such as Bendix in K.C.. We also affirmed Bishop Dingman's recent Pastoral Letter on the subject of N-Weapons & N-War.

The Justice & Peace Center has ordered 100 copies of A Race to Nowhere; an Arms Race Primer for Catholics put out by the National Pax Christi office for \$3 a copy. Folks can pick a copy up from the Cen. here or order one from the Pax Christi-USA, 3000 N. Mango Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60634. It is an excellent booklet, with 85 pages, clearly stating the problem with the arms race and nuclear weapons while giving the Catholic Church's position on the issue.

We are also happy to announce that Bishop Dingman has recently joined Pax Christi and we are hoping to hear more and more about this International Catholic Peace Organization.



The cruise missile, a low-flying nuclear weapon that zooms in to within 100 feet of the target

S.A.C.

We took a car load of folks to Omaha to pray with Bishop Gumbleton at the gate leading into S.A.C. Headquarters on Oct. 2nd. The Bishop was in town to talk at Creighton University about Disarmament. What better way to highlight talk than by actively praying. The authorities must be beginning to worry about our "little" movement to expose S.A.C., because the Air Force sent a P.R. person to the T.V. and newspaper people asking them not to cover the Bishops praying because it would hurt the defense effort. It is a sad state of affairs when the peaceful prayers of a Bishop and some 60 of the faithful pose a direct threat to the national security.

Dec. 28th ACTION:

The S.A.C. Campaign (Strategies and Actions for Conversion; converting the Strategic Air Command Headquarters to a peaceful use) is planing another witness in Dec.

Fri. Dec 26, 7pm; Those considering direct action are to meet at Serpents & Doves Community, 613 N. 17th St. Omaha to finalize plans for 28th action.

Sat. Dec. 27th, 9am to 5pm an all day retreat will be held at the UNO Religious Ed. House, 101 N. Happy Hollow Blvd, Omaha.

Sat. Dec. 27th, 7pm, an open house to view a S.A.C. Slideshow (same place as day retreat)

Sun. Dec. 28th, 2pm, Mass at St. Margret Mary Ch., 62nd and Dodge St. Omaha.

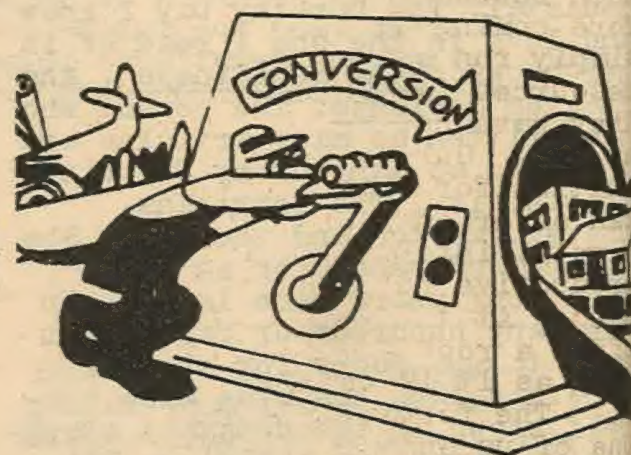


SIXTY PEOPLE GATHERED to sing and pray for nuclear disarmament, Oct. 2, at Strategic Air Command (SAC) headquarters in Omaha, Neb. The Pax Christi sponsors of the service chose the site because it is "the nerve center from which all strategic nuclear weapons, land, sea and air, will be given the command to be launched in the event of nuclear holocaust." Participants included, from left, Joyce Glenn, Joan Cloutier, Oblate Father Darrell Rupiper and Detroit Auxiliary Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, national Pax Christi president.

Sun. Dec. 28th, 3:30 pm Peace witness & presence at S.A.C. Headquarters, main entrance off H.W. 73 & 75.

Anyone interested in participating in all or some of the Dec. 28th activities please contact us here at the C.W. or Joyce Glenn in Omaha (402) 344-0539.

There is a major gathering on the 28th planned at the Pentagon for all the folks who have been involved in the "Year of Election Campaign" organized by our friends at Jonah House. Our Bro. Peter DeMott, who was recently released from Fed. Prison will be representing us at the Pentagon. READERS TAKE NOTE! THE RESISTANCE CHURCH IS GROWING AND IS WITH US TODAY! THIS IS NOT A FUTURE MOVEMENT, IT IS NOW!!



CONVERTING TO A PEACEFUL, PRODUCTIVE ECONOMY

Creston Conversion Project:

A few months ago, friends with the Bendix Conversion Project sent us information that a company in Creston Ia. had a subcontract with the Boeing Co. to do work for the Cruise Missile. We have been sitting on it all these months but with events at the G.E. plant in King of Prussia, Penn. the truthful witness of our dear friends from Jonah House, we have been prodded to take some initial steps to investigate the Wellman Dynamics Corp. in Creston Ia. Creston is a S.W. Ia city of 10,000 people located at the edge of the Bible Belt. Patience and myself made a trip out to talk to the Catholic priests at the local parish. We spent the better part of the morning talking about the history of the town and the importance that the plant plays in the regional economy. None of us know enough about what is really being done at Wellman's so we thought it better to try to get the local pastoral association and the larger ecumenical body of CIPAR (Consortium on International Peace & Reconciliation) to start an investigation into Wellman Dynamics to see what is being done there. Hopefully our study will lead to some creative dialogue and an active conversion effort.

HOSPITALITY

Dear Mom,

I promised I'd write to explain about what we do here with "those strangers" you are worried about. We call it Hospitality. Hospitality used to mean welcoming my friends and family into my home, offering food, making them comfortable. Fun, easy. Temporary.

It has a different meaning to me now. At our house there is no choice about who comes to stay with us as long as we have floor space for them to lie on. They are not visitors, they are here because they have no other place to go. They are en route--to new cities, a new job, some other chance for their lives. Some have been robbed on the road before coming to us, others have simply run out of their last resources for self-sufficiency. They have not really chosen us at all. Our house is a way station for them. At best we can offer companionship, warmth, information and a productive role in our household. At the very least we offer a roof and food for as long as it is needed.

The format is simple. One of us answers the door and welcomes the person or family in. They are told the rules of the house, shown to their bed (or floor space) and given a towel and wash cloth. Often the first conversation is over a long-awaited meal. As they eat, we talk about their plans, their situation, their prospective stay.

As strangers, we are naturally a bit wary of each other initially. I find it interesting that our guests are often more wary of us than we are of them. We are so accustomed to people from all kinds of backgrounds and problems and eccentricities (including fellow staff!) that it takes an extraordinary dose of strangeness to make us uncomfortable.

Who are these people? All ages, all races, every problem imaginable is embodied by our guests. It has been said that they reflect the ills of our society. I must admit that it's difficult to ignore the sorrows and struggles of our culture when you face them in your kitchen every morning. There are teenage mothers and deserted mothers. Runaways and battered wives. Couples that have lost their jobs; families looking for a new start. Women from the psychiatric wards; rovers who never settle anywhere. Instability. Lack of resources. Loneliness. There are moments when pain is almost palpable in their presence.

In their time here, however, they each reveal their

own particular Light. And when we recognize that Light, it often becomes a joy to have shared part of their journey with them. It's fun to see them gradually open up and take part in our household--helping with meals, telling stories about their experiences, helping to unload a car filled with donated food. I think their time at our house gives them a chance to relax a bit. Being in a place where you are comfortable and accepted allows for time to consider your direction better--and hopefully that helps you to know yourself better too. I especially enjoy seeing guests that have been with us a few days offering hospitality to newcomers--helping them to feel comfortable and showing them around. Once a former guest remarked, "Since being here and working with all of you, I'm seeing good in me that I thought was long dead." And we can say the same about ourselves.

The children who stay with us are special guests. They look wide-eyed at all the adults, absorb all the attention. "Do you live here too?" "What are you doing now?" "Can I do that?" "Why can't we bring the cat in?" They are often already scarred by deprivation--but they, more than any of us, are at the heart of what it means to be alive. They are forever shaking up our smooth perspectives and pat answers by demanding, in their own way, that we listen and explain to them. They ask for some sense of order, some name for the unknown things, some reason for the world around them. And they, who inherit their parents' instability, lack of resources

and loneliness, have every right to ask.

And what is Hospitality for those who are giving it? As time passes I become more and more matter-of-fact about the idea of housing and feeding strangers. It is not exciting or dramatic. It is simply necessary and rightfully available. We have enough to share.

What am I gaining from it? An increasing bewilderment in finding myself in each of our guests. Aside from personality traits and likenesses, it is becoming more and more obvious that these people have or did have aspirations similar or identical to mine. They had plans for security and happiness that didn't work out for reasons that could easily have thwarted me. Some have interests and talents in areas I am now working in professionally. Some of the children have shown exceptional intelligence or artistic talents. Eager and open now, they are less likely in the future to have a chance to develop their potentials.

I am bewildered and angered by this. Bewildered because I was spared their plight. Angry because anyone has to experience it. The more of this I see, the more apparent it is to me that there is no good reason why they are not the ones to answer the door and offer food and shelter to me.

So, Mom, I hope you understand at least a little more about Hospitality and our guests. You needn't worry about the "strangers" we open our doors to--they aren't strangers after all.

Love,
Lydia



... we should seek, in our silence, for a harmonious synthesis of the darkness and light within ourselves.

It has become a commonplace of the Christmas season, along with plastic decorations and the Grinch on television, to write articles deploring the commercialization and the sentimentalization of Our Lord's Birth. While that is not what I intend to do here, it is true that Christmas has become the least theological of the feasts of the Church year. I am not sure what kind of impulse has led to the notion that since Christmas is popular and, in some way or other appreciable to everybody in American society, all intellectual content and theological importance must be stripped away from it. Maybe part of it is the mistaken idea that "theology" is an irrelevant and esoteric study, to be indulged in by (probably slightly batty) professors behind high academic walls, and consisting of conversations about angels and pins. That's not what theology is, of course; all it is, is talking about God, although even that is considered among thinking folks nowadays as bad manners.

Be that as it may, in an effort to reclaim both theology for plain folks and Christmas for Christians, the following thoughts are offered as antidotes to the torrent of recorded performances of "Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer" which we are experiencing just now.

The mystery we celebrate at Christ's Mass is the Incarnation of the Eternal Word as a human baby known as Jesus, son of Joseph the Carpenter of Nazareth in Galilee. We are apt to hear the word "Incarnation" these days as if it were some kind of code-word from some Oriental cult (which of course is what Christianity is), but what it means is that God, uncreated, infinite, omnipotent, took up residence in a body, made of flesh and blood and born from a real human woman. In fact, God did not just put on a new suit, as a disguise, so as to be able to

+

We shall become
Christians when
we weep not
because we have
lost something,
but because we
were given
so much.

+

walk among us men and women more easily, but became a human being, had a human nature, liked some foods and not others, enjoyed certain kinds of music and not others, worked and sweated and the whole bit. But God remained God at the same time, sinless and untainted by evil. God could not have done that if our human nature were in some way evil. When Saint Paul says God stooped to become a human being (Phil. 2:6-8) it only means that the infinite became finite, the omnipotent was willing to become powerless, that the God of all was willing to serve rather than to be served; but God created human nature as good. Human beings in the course of time, by paying more attention to self in particular than humanity in general, lost the true sense of the meaning of being human, so God became a pattern of humanity in Jesus, in order to restore to us our true human potential.

Western theology has never been as positive about the extent of that human potential as Eastern theology. Saint Athanasius of Alexandria writes very clearly about the reality of God's Incarnation and the promise it contains: "[God did not] will merely to become embodied or merely to appear; had that been so, He could have revealed His divine Majesty in some other (and better) way. No, God took our body... through this union of the immortal Son of God with our human nature, all human beings were clothed with incorruption in the promise of the Resurrection." All human beings clothed with incorruption—what a glorious vision of our value as women and men! But Saint Athanasius was bold indeed. He is the author of the aphorism which has lain at the root of Byzantine (and later Russian) spirituality ever since: "God became human so that human beings might become God."

The technical name for this lifting of our human nature to its original lofty plane is theosis, deification. Of course it is not a one-sided thing—we must respond and with our lives strive toward the divine image in which God made us. This was made possible only by that baby in Bethlehem but that enfleshment means, as Father John Meyendorff says, that we are not feebly to imitate Christ but to become Christ, to be able to say with Saint Paul, "it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me." (Gal. 2:20). By putting on Christ in baptism, and thus sharing in his Incarnation, we claim the right (and responsibility) to develop our human nature to the level of the divine.

The idea of deification is expressed over and over by the Greek Fathers in their discussions of Christ's Incarnation. St. John of Damascus, Doctor of the

Do not be afraid. Listen,
a joy to be shared



thoughts of

by R.A.



ing you news of great joy,
re the whole people.



Lavrans

on incarnation

Richard



Richard

Church tells us that "Just as we hold that the Incarnation was brought about without transformation or change, so also do we hold that the deification of the flesh was brought about." Saint John Chrysostom in his sermon on John 1:14, "the Word became flesh", says "[Christ] dwells always in this tabernacle, for He put on our flesh, not to take it off again, but to have it always with Him. If this were not so, He would not have deemed it worthy of His royal throne and, bearing it [with Him], would not have had it adored by all the host above."

But the most extensive exposition of the doctrine of theosis comes in the works of Saint Maximus the Confessor. He teaches us that the Incarnation was an act of divine love, so much so that even had there been no Fall, God still would have "become flesh and dwelt among us" (John 1:14). In this same love Christ prayed, "As you, Father, are in me, and I in you, I pray that they may be one in us." (John 17:21) Kallistos Ware puts it this way: "Just as the three persons of the Trinity 'dwell' in one another in an unceasing movement of love, [we are] called to dwell in the Trinitarian God." In so doing, we become more truly ourselves: our individual natures are divinized but we do not lose our distinct personalities.

Furthermore, as Saint Maximus writes, "man's body is deified at the same time as his soul." We are unitary beings, not just souls somehow contaminated by matter. He puts it this way: "In the same way in which the soul and body are united, God should become accessible for participation by the soul and, through the soul's intermediary, by the body, in order that the soul might receive an unchanging character, and the body, immortality; and finally that the whole human being should become God, deified by the grace of God-become-man, becoming wholly human, soul and body, by nature, and becoming whole God, soul and body, by grace."

So far, perhaps, all this has resembled that academic hairsplitting I spoke so badly of earlier, although I hope I have at least expressed some of the glorious, jubilant feelings I have when I consider the Birth of Jesus. But as Saint Maximus also says, "Theology without action is the theology of demons", and there are implications here beyond just feeling good at Christmas. If our flesh is restored to its full goodness, then we can never consider the body as dirty or a snare for the soul. Just as the union of the Word and the flesh is indissoluble, so our bodies are one thing, inseparable. Eating and

drinking, by which we take nourishment in body and pleasure in soul, are good. Sexual activity, if it is an honoring of another's body and soul by our own, not a degrading or abuse of the other, is also good. The uniqueness of the human beings around us becomes as fit for reverence as the uniqueness of the Babe in the Manger, and the variety of human natures and cultures must be celebrated. Life becomes infinitely precious, and any violence against another human being who is part of that Incarnate Word is an attack on that divine Child. We must recognize the divine in all we meet. If Christ has taken up human nature to "have it adored by all the host above", that means human natures, humanity, people, must be foremost.

This doesn't end with us human beings. All Creation is restored and enhanced. Prudentius' Christmas Hymn says, "Thy Infant's feeble cry proclaimed/The springtime of the univers;/The world reborn then cast aside/The gloom of winter's lethargy..../At thy Nativity, O Child/All hard, unfeeling things were stirred;/The unrelenting crags grew kind/and clothed the flinty stones with grass." This means that

we must look at our environment as redeemed; and it also means our stewardship of it must reflect this. Our agriculture, our mining, our city planning, our seeking for energy resources, none of these can be pursued mindlessly, or with profit as our only consideration.

The Magi brought gold, frankincense and myrrh as gifts. They didn't, couldn't, understand the full meaning of the Child they gave them to. Neither can we, of course, but we at least can see more than they could. We must recognize that our natures are restored and (what is harder) that the natures of our sisters and brothers and all Creation are restored. It is hard to see this restoration of goodness and wholeness in most we meet, but in failing to do so we are failing to respond to the restoration of our own natures.

So may our celebration of the feast of the Flesh-taking of God help us to see more clearly the tremendous gift God brings us. May it help us to rejoice in that gift, that restoration. And may it help us to pray with Saint Bernard, "O that the Word's Flesh-taking may convert my stony heart into a heart of flesh!"



community

by Patience Garvey



Having put off my article until the last minute, and now being pressed for time (I am leaving tomorrow morning to go to a Bar Mitzvah and a week-long visit with friends and family in Illinois), I have decided to lock myself in my room until I come up with a column on community.

There are so many little and big joys and frustrations we share, living constantly on top of one another. We may get tired of always being together and of continually running up against each others personalities and idiosyncrasies, but in "What the Catholic Worker Believes" Pete Maurin said we begin living communally

"...where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his need." This is the way families live and families are simply microcosms of a larger community.

The word community comes from the latin words communitas and communis; fellowship and common. We live together and share in and with one another.

Of course this is no small task, but if we are to save ourselves then we must learn to lose ourselves in our brother's and sister's lives.

Our community, however, is not just those of us who inhabit these three houses. It includes the guys in the neighborhood who share meals with us and our guests; it is also those benefactors who enable us to continue trying to do the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy. (Some of these folks, like Bill and Kay Kopatich, Lloyd Goodall, Jim Deal, etc., have indeed become close friends who just drop in to visit and in doing so lighten and brighten our day!)

I learned a wonderful lesson in community not long ago when I sprained the instep of my right foot. I was in the middle of preparing lunch when Carl came over from the De Parton apartments across the street wanting to use the phone. We have two phones, one which only takes incoming calls and one which enables us to dial outside. We put the "dial out" phone away most of the time to discourage people from landing us with monumental phone bills. I am definitely the smallest person in the house, being less than five feet tall, and usually the phone is put away out of easy reach. I jumped on a counter to reach the cupboard it was in. Just as I was taking the phone down it fell out of my hands and as I tried to recapture it, I lost my balance and landed on the outside of my right foot. There was a crunching sound and immediate, hot pain. I called out to Carl

that I thought I was going to faint and could he please get Randy (who was working on his wooden sculpture in the yard between the Catholic Worker and the Ligutti houses). When he first came in Carl had been rather "weavy" with drinking, but he sobered up as soon as he saw my pain and need. Randy and Richard helped me to hobble to the piano bench in the front hall and as I sat down saying I felt better and thought I'd be all right..."There's really no need to go to the hospital, I can take care of it myself"... I fainted. My vision had been getting fuzzy and my ears were filled with the sound of an immense ocean. The last thing I remember seeing and hearing before I fainted was Carl trying to put on my shoe which had somehow come off in the fall. His voice was gentle and concerned and I felt that this man and what he was saying and doing were the

most important things in the world. "Now Pat-girl, it's gonna be okay, I got your shoe here and your're gonna be okay..." At dinner that night (after getting back from having an x-ray and finding out, much to my relief, that it was only a bad sprain) Carl was very solicitous about what he called my "freak accident". He insisted on helping me into my chair and taking my plate and glass into the kitchen when I finished. For weeks afterward he was still terribly interested in my well-being and always inquired about my foot.

Everyone was very kind (The morning after the accident Charlie brought me up my breakfast in bed), but Carl's tender concern helped to humble me and helped me to appreciate everyone else's concern.

This is a man I've had to ask leave our home at various times of day and night, depending on how inebriated he was. He can be very verbally abusive when he's really drunk and yet there he was ministering to me when I was hurt. I was injured and Christ was there with compassion and love in the person of Carl. "Blest are they who show mercy; mercy shall be theirs."

This episode with Carl, then, is really what community, losing ourselves in other's lives, is all about. The continual give and take; the strength of one person helping the weaker along. When I sprained my foot our roles were reversed, showing me what truly is: that we are all equal in God's eyes. Carl was giving me his hospitality. All he was able to give. His love. I had given out of my abundance—food and material necessities—and he was like the widow with two pennies giving all she had in the world.

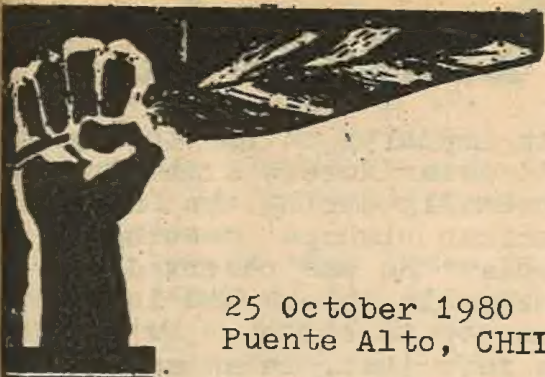
At worst, living in community is getting pettily annoyed by no toilet paper in the bathroom when you want

it, someone forgetting to clean out the tub, no one volunteering for dish duty, getting angry at the various habits of others, not having much privacy, etc., but at best it is just what Peter Maurin said and I think I would take all the little grievances I could for they far and away are the smallest part. The large part comprise the enjoyable meals shared; the intimately moving Eucharist when you notice others' habits and they are not annoyingly familiar, but endearingly so; the quiet times listening to Pachelbel, Handel, Chopin; the raucous times together when we listen to Arlo Guthrie, Frank Zappa, John Prine and let off steam. The good times come to mind so much faster because they really do outweigh the bad.

Comings and goings are all part of community, and December brings both. We are going to miss Randy Gieseke who has been with us since June. He and Walter Clark are going up to Madison, Wisconsin area in search of a more macrobiotic (rather than microcosmic) way of life. But Randy has left us with much to remember him by, the most tangible being the huge sculpture of a hand giving the peace sign which he carved out of what used to be the Mulberry tree between Ligutti House and the Catholic Worker House. We wish them both the best and thank them for the blessing of their friendship. We look forward to John Hutchins arrival and subsequent ensconcement in the basement room which Randy is vacating. We hope he will be happy with us amid the canned goods, peanut butter and toilet paper stored downstairs.

Community is a constant growing, changing way of life but some things remain the same. Frank is still a workaholic; Lydia still finds energy for ballet even though she keeps insane hours of work at Methodist Hospital; Father Bert and Norman, with help from Jerry, Steve, Wayne and Jeff, still continue the fantastic work of rehabilitating the new home. Marlas is settling in well with her job at Mercy Hospital.

Charlie is still a calming influence on us all. He claims that he has a terrible temper but no one has ever seen any evidence of this. On the contrary, he aids us in keeping our tempers by remaining so patient and enduring and so extremely endearing to all. For Richard continues to encourage everyone to finish up articles for the paper. His infinite patience does get stretched to the limits by those of us who are laggards and procrastinators. We are all snuggling in for winter's siege and trying to eagerly anticipate the coming of Our Lord in His most broken persons, as we celebrate the remembered joy of the birth of His son so many years ago.



25 October 1980
Puento Alto, CHILE

Dear Frank,

Thank you very much for sending Via Pacis south of the border and over the Andes to our digs in Puento Alto, Chile. You write well and have a great way of expressing the spirit of the Kingdom and the life and the struggle that it entails. I especially appreciated numbers 4 and 5 with the article about Peter, the interview, and his rhymes to Cathy.

The four of us--two Maryknoll priests, a seminarian and a Brother--have certainly enjoyed reading about the Catholic Worker and the actions on behalf of peace and justice that you are involved in in the Midwest. Adelante con más fuerza! In Chile, of course, the struggle is one and the same, the only difference being that here the contradictions in the system are more sharply drawn and the problems more evident to the masses that occupy the bottom rung of this vertical society. Our tactics may also differ somewhat but the end is certainly none other than the building up of the Kingdom of Justice, Peace, and Love.

Since returning to Chile after my home visit last year, I joined up with some of the younger Maryknollers, moved out of the parish rectory, and have been living with my brothers in community in a little, pine-board house in the midst of one of Chile's shanty towns. It's been a great experience in which we continue to learn much more than we're able to teach as we walk along side of these good-hearted and valiant people in their search for a more just and human world. The struggle has been an uphill one--both inside and outside the Church--and one of our latest setbacks has been the September 11th plebiscite in which Pinochet was able to force upon us --at least for a while-- a new constitution", an eight-year transitory, non-constitutional period, and himself as near-monarchical president for the eight years of transition and possibly for the first eight years of the constitution. All this had to be voted upon with a simple "Sí" or "No" in the midst of a state of emergency, no voter registration, steam roller propaganda, and the not-so-veiled threat: "Either Pinochet or chaos!" They also controlled all the voting booths so that when "victory" was declared it

was really a surprise to no one, even though many in the opposition were disheartened after working so hard in a heroic effort to turn the tide. The final victory will not be that easy or that quick. We realize once again that the struggle is a long one and that much organizing and conscientizing has to be done the grass-roots level.

Unfortunately, I won't be around in Chile to be directly involved in all this, but fortunately there are always numerous opportunities to be able to give oneself to the task of the Gospel. Maryknoll wants me working in the Social Communications Dept. back in New York in January so in about a month I'll be heading back to the States. I plan to be in Omaha for Christmas and would like to participate with you in the demonstration at the Strategic Air Command Headquarters on the 28th of Dec. Please fill me in on the details.

I'm really looking forward to seeing Peter again and all the family and would like to stop by in Des Moines on my way back to New York to say "hello". So, until then, keep up the good work and thanks again for the Via Pacis.

In Christ,
Steve DeMott, MM



12-1-80

Dear Frank and Community,

They told us a prayers this morning that Dorothy Day died at 83 on Saturday. Even though I never met her, I feel a great personal loss, as if she were a close friend or relative. Through my involvement with the DM and Detroit CW, I feel Dorothy Day has influenced and challenged my life to a point where it'll never be the same again, in my acceptance to live the radical Gospel in Jesus and Francis. I am sure she will be missed by many.

Peace and God's Goodness,
Tim Heller, ofm

1205-18th Street
Sioux City, IA 51104
Nov. 24, 1980

Dear Frank and friends,

May I test your memory to August 1978 when Dar and Bev Hurni, their two children, and Carol Gieske came to visit your house while you were in the middle of painting. We had hopes of starting a Catholic Worker in Sioux City. I am happy to tell you that our dreams have been accomplished. The ball really started to roll in April 1980. Then in June we began serving soup and sandwich suppers three nights a week in the basement of St. Joseph Catholic Church. They are continuing on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. We serve 30-50 people a night.

Then we received a loan from the Sisters of St. Francis to buy a house and remodel it. This past weekend the first guests stayed at our house of hospitality at 1110-8th Street. Staffing the house are three nuns and three single girls. All have outside jobs or are going to college. There are three rooms available to guests. Although the house didn't need as much repairs as the one you've just acquired, many hours of labor have gone into it, and it is amazing to see the difference.

Also in November we published our first newspaper which in enclosed. We hope to publish one every two months. We have had a great deal of help with it from a class at Briar Cliff College.

Until this time our Friday night meetings have been very irregular. Now there will be meetings at the house every Friday night, so if you're in town, please drop in.

Thank you for all the inspiration you've given. The way things have fallen together the past few months, there's no denying that Christ is alive and working in the lives of many people.

Peace,
Bev Hurni



Ade Bethune

A Voice from Latin America

Oct. 30, 1980

Dear Frank,

My companion here, John Doyle, translated this article. We think it is pretty good. You may like to do something with it, like share it with others. We have to keep insisting that the U.S. is heavily involved in the causes of the problems here in L.A., and that those problems are what is causing the so-called communist threat. We are in a bad way here in Bolivia but I can't help but feel deeply for the people in El Salvador or Guatemala. No doubt, Archbishop Romero was a martyr but like the death of Jesus, the situation gets worse after the immolation. I talked at length today with a man who was a presidential candidate in '78, is a Trotskyite for many years, lives in utter poverty. Not only today but many times he has repeated to me that we need leaders with moral principles, men who are interested in Bolivia and not their own bank accounts--but he believes that the change will come only with armed revolution. You see, the martyrdom of the Archbishop, even the preaching of the gospel seem so powerless to these men, so useless because they seem to change nothing. The same accusation must be hurled at you people too and that is good. When we are powerful, like the church often is, then we can have no faith.

Paul Kock

Nathan & Uncle Sam

A Meditation on Luis Espinal and Oscar A. Romero.

by José Ignacio Gonzales-Faus, SJ

Translator's Note: The following article appeared in the July-August 1980 issue of "Christus", a Catholic magazine published in Mexico by the Society of Jesus. The author is a prominent Spanish theologian who writes frequently on Latin American themes. Luis Espinal, a Jesuit priest, was murdered early Saturday, March 15, in La Paz. Archbishop Romero died on Monday, March 17.

"Upon learning what had happened, David's anger flared up against the man.

'As Yahweh lives', he said to Nathan, 'the man who did this deserves to die! He must make fourfold restitution for doing such a thing and showing no compassion.'

And the prophet Nathan replied: 'You are the man...'

Second Book of Samuel, Ch. 12, 5-7

Luis Espinal was tortured and killed in Bolivia. I lived with him in the novitiate and during all the years of Jesuit studies.

In the novitiate he was a mystic. During liberal arts studies he began to open his eyes and he dedicated himself to winning poetry prizes. I remember him reading one of his prize poems, in Catalanian, that referred to a kind of cosmic Nativity in which the clouds served as a manger but, for some strange reason, there was a blood-stain on Mary's face.

Just before starting theology studies he became a rebel, just as all the rest of us did in those days. He plunged into the founding of the magazine, "Selecciones de Teología", which translated articles from German or French, to show our professors that there was another theology different and better - than what they were teaching us. He had a sense of humor that was abrasive and farcical. In many of those boring classes of unpalatable scholasticism, he relaxed us with a little number. One day the professor was dividing and subdividing the angels as if he had run them all through a computer or had had personal dealings with each of them. Espinal interrupted, very seriously; "Excuse me, Father. The way that you say that there are choirs of angels, are there also choirs of devils?"

From that moment on we called him Satan. And with the nick-name Satan he went to Bolivia. In the meantime he had been in Milan studying radio and television. But when he came back to Spain and took a look at Spanish TV, he understood immediately there was nothing he could do there. He never gave it a second thought. With his scripts and his speakers turned to OFF, he crossed the pond forever. It was the second half of the happy sixties. I never saw him again.

Two days later Oscar Romero, the archbishop of San Salvador, fell. Shortly before he had written a public letter to Jimmy Carter. He declared that the program of economic reforms of the Salvadorian government reformed practically nothing and that it was just an excuse, under the pretext of implementation, to declare a state of emergency during which all the worker and peasant leaders would be eliminated. He did not suspect that his criticism, so true of the mark, would include himself among those leaders. For Romero is just one more - perhaps the most newsworthy because of his sharp tongue and his red waistband - among the 700 murdered

with impunity so far this year. Oscar Romero I got to know personally during the Latin American bishops' meeting in Puebla. He was reserved, impenetrable, pious and indignant from top to bottom. He lamented the fact that, in an assembly brief and so vast, there was little time for dialogue. "I'm sorry that I cannot communicate all the experiences burning inside me." He tried to dispel our discouragement. "Keep fighting. We won't lose the battle because it is not our battle. It's the battle of the poor people of the earth that are waging here". And it seemed to me that his theology was reduced to these two simple points: A kind of "socialism of the voice" applied to the Church: "Since the Church has a voice, it must donate it to those without voice". And as a foundation of that socialism of the voice, an understanding of the Church as total service: "It is not because priests are being killed that the Church is persecuted, but because people



Indienbulletinen, Stockholm

are being killed. And if priests are persecuted it is only because they are with the poor.

And here's where the artifices of David come into play, the powerful monarch trying to eliminate the husband of Bathsheba and be left with wife. The United States asked for the removal of Bishop Romero. A slanderous brief against him was presented to the Vatican. Recently an ecclesiastical personage from Salvador passed through Madrid on the way to Rome to testify in favor of the archbishop.

David failed in his initial efforts to straighten out his affair with Bathsheba. For all appearances Rome refused to give in to the pressure. If he had given in, a universal outcry would have accused it rightly of submitting to the demands of the powerful. But by not submitting

[continued on next page]

Via Des P.O. ph:

[continued from previous page]

mitting, it signed his death sentence. And this is the same risk that is involved whenever the demand is made not to give in to the desires of the oppressor....

And now is when comes to mind the image of the prophet explaining to the powerful monarch, "defender of human rights", the parable that Nathan told to David. A rich man has a thousand sheep. Nearby there lives a poor man who owns a single little lamb that he feeds by taking the food from his own mouth. One day the rich man has company. And so as not to touch his own flock, he takes the poor man's lamb and prepares it for his guest's supper.

"Upon learning what had happened, David's anger flared up and he said: 'The man who did this deserves to die.' ...

And the prophet Nathan replied: 'You are the man'...."

Because you are the man. You who want to boycott the Olympic Games in the name of human rights. But in Latin America you have your own Afghanistan. You don't have to send troops there, because hunger, the CIA and ITT kill better than soldiers. You who have made of Guatemala a private plantation of United Fruit, and of the 14 families who own the land of Salvador a kind of well-paid group of share-croppers for your multi-nationals. You who prevent thousands of peasants from growing the miserable beans



on which they barely subsist, because your country needs exotic plants that can be sold to you and your cohorts, and in that way you can water down the usury that you practice on them. You who think that it is a crime that cries to heaven when young people do not respect the most fundamental established agreements of human intercourse (for example, the inviolability of embassies) when you do not respect the most fundamental moral demands of that intercourse (for example, the inviolability of the rights of the poor of this earth). You who say that you pray for Khomeini, but are so convinced that the petroleum of the Persian Gulf is yours that you are ready to

defend it with nuclear weapons....

That man is you. And we are not going to blame the death of Espinal or the death of Romero on four paid gunmen, paid by "someone", trained by "someone", armed by "someone" and, in the last analysis, defending the interests of "someone".

David's crime brought to light the fact that the monarchy of Israel, despite its spectacular and dazzling achievements, was filled with contradictions and could not survive. The death of Luis and Oscar, with so many other

deaths, brings to light the fact that the international economic order, despite the spectacular and dazzling delights of the consumer society, is filled with contradictions and immoralities that make it untenable. God forbid that Nathan say now to Uncle Sam:

"Yahweh says this: the sword will never be far from your house, since you have shown contempt for me and taken for yourself the wife of poor Uriah".

Second Book of Samuel
Chapter 12, 10



The greatest service we render each other is to bear witness to the truth, as we see it.



Sign of peace

The Catholic Mirror, December 11, 1980

Randy Gieske (above), a member of the Catholic Worker Community in Des Moines, recently completed a wood sculpture depicting a left hand raised in the peace sign. The art work stands next to the Worker house at 713 Indiana Ave. It took Gieske four weeks, using only a small hatchet, to carve the hand out of a mulberry tree that had been cut down. (Photo by Peter Dubec)

ETERNAL REST GRANT HER O LORD -
-AND LIGHT PERPETUAL SHINE UPON HER



It just came about. It just happened.
I found myself, a barren woman,
the joyful mother of children.
-DD

via pacis
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